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foot—which was no easy matter. Everywhere in the neighborhood of the Grand Opera, mummers were to be seen attempting to get home by holding the knobs of the shop shutters, and despite this precaution, tumbling to the ground. All the hackman had unhitched their horses and left the hacks on the stands. Blacksmiths, with lanterns, where everywhere to be seen at work. One hundred and sixty people were carried to the hospitals with broken bones, some of them with dangerous compound fractures. A seamstress eighteen years old, broke her spine by a fall, and died while she was borne to the hospital.

The involuntary author of the introduction of the rinderpest into Switzerland, M. Herlimen, a Bavarian subject domiciled in Switzerland, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment and \$400 fine.

Gen. de Montecello, who recently commanded the French army in Rome, has been made a Senator.

A Paris newspaper asserts an understanding has been reached by England, Prussia and Russia by which England is to have Egypt, Prussia the whole of Germany, (including Austria's German provinces,) while Russia takes all of Turkey, except Thessaly, which goes to Greece, whose King is the brother in law of the Prince of Wales and Czarewitch. This rumor may be questioned for true, but there is no doubt the Eastern question is discussed by all the Cabinets of Europe in a confidential manner.

The gourmets of Paris dine now periodically at the Maison Dorée; the dinner consists of a few dishes cooked in the very best manner, no extravagant wines, but good sound wines; the price is \$8.

Mons. Maillard, chamber secretary of the French Emperor is dead; he was 73 years old.

Count Alberti has married M^{lle} Claire Foubert.

Vice Admiral Lugeol and Count de Faucigny Lucinge Coligny are dead.

The Archduchess of Nassau became chilled recently while riding and died a few days afterwards. She was only 33 years old.

Dr. Velpeau fell on the sleet which covered Paris recently, but was only slightly injured.

Baroness Deslandes, (a daughter of the wealthy Mons. Oppenheim—Messrs. Fould, Oppenheim & Co.,) leaped out of her window in the phrenzy of brain fever, and was dashed to pieces on the street.

Visitors are admitted to the Exhibition Palace, Paris, upon payment of 20c.; about \$100 a day are taken in from this source already.

It is said Mons. Leverrier is preparing a memoir to prove that falling stars are produced by the passage of a comet in our solar system in A. D. 221.

The lease of the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, having expired, M. Letellier offered it to the Council of Sheriffs to keep with a subvention of 40,000 francs, or on the other hand to carry it on himself in conjunction with the Theatre du Parc. The latter proposal was accepted by the Council.

GENERAL GOSSIP.

To begin our screed with something of an agreeable nature, we will record the death of a musician as given in late Paris papers. M. Jambert, a cornet player in one of the bands belonging to the French army in Mexico, was to play at a ball, and being suddenly called to his duty, seized a water bottle to drink quickly. Suddenly he began to shriek in agony! casting the bottle away from him. As soon as assistance could be rendered it was found that he had swallowed an enormous centipede which had fixed its mandibles in his throat. The terrible insect, which proved to be nearly six inches in length, had got into the neck of the bottle, and defied all efforts to dislodge it from the man's throat until the surgeons made an opening in the thorax and cut it away in pieces, though without saving his life. Death ensued in a few hours from the poison of the bite.

A London publishing firm announces a forthcoming "Lover's Dictionary," intended, as they say, to assist "those stricken with the tender passion, to express their thoughts, and place in appropriate language the feelings burning within their hearts.

Cora Pearl, the new debutante of "Les Bouffes Parisiennes," still maintains the favor with which she started in the eyes of young Paris. The little theatre, much smaller than anything we have in New York, draws nightly about \$600 to its treasury, a fact that has so charmed the fair recipient of those public favors that she has announced the intention of embracing the stage as profession, and trying her beauty, talent and diamonds in higher roles than "Cupidon" and "Orphee." Among the *on dits* in reference to the debutante is that the boots in which she made her debuts were bought by an admirer for the trifling sum of 20,000 francs. Who would not sell their boots at that figure?

As a little bit of private art history, it will not be uninteresting to recall how the head of the Goddess of Liberty, on our coins—if any one can remember the article—originated. The story runs in this wise: Mr. Spencer was, at the time, one of our cleverest of American Artist mechanics, and the engraver of the first die for United States coin. He cut out a beautiful medallion portrait of Mrs. Washington and a few of the coins were struck and shown to Gen'l. Washington who was seriously displeased at the idea, declaring that he would neither allow his own or his wife's head to adorn the coin. Mr. Spencer, submitting, altered the features slightly, put a cap on the head, and the coin went forth stamped with the Goddess of Liberty. What a lesson this to the impudent Spinners, Clarkes and Chases of our Treasury who emblazon their ugly features on every shred of their issue, thereby depreciating the Currency.

A danseuse at the Modena theatre named, Barbizan has been emulating M^{lle}. Georges, a few evenings since. Having executed a *pas* that brought down the house with an encore; the artiste became so excited in its repetition, that she miscalculated distance, sprang over the footlights

into the orchestra, crushing everything in her progress, and falling senseless with her dress in flames. The musicians, like gallant fellows, notwithstanding the wreck of their instruments, sacrificed their coats to her, and extinguished the flames. She was not seriously injured.

As a lesson to Barnum's Museum in the curtain line, we notice that some of principal theatres of Paris, are about to introduce a new style of drop. There will be a centre group of angels and cupids, each bearing a basket or vase of the productions for the toilet or household; as made by eminent manufacturers, properly labelled, and commended to public patronage.

Why will Parepa be always a mystery? Because she will remain *sub-Rosa*.

There is a funny rumor about town as connected with diplomacy, the press, music and the drama. They do say, that the nabob of Nassau and Fulton street has been sadly troubled in mind ever since the defection of the managerial corps from "ma pappar," and that all the arts of quiet diplomacy have been exhausted to heal the breach. To this end the assistance of that roving ambassador, the Chevalier Vycough, has frequently been brought into requisition; but the Chevalier, though he failed to fail with crowned heads, and ministers of State, failed signally and frequently when brought into contact with the urbane Wheatley, the social Stuart, the musical Maretzek, and the practical Barnum. But of all the droll attempts in this way, the drollest came off last week, when the Chevalier came direct with an offer to kiss and make friends with all the tribe, save only, Max and Barnum. These two he would not have anyhow. The proposition was submitted and rejected. Back went the diplomat, and soon returned with an amendment. The editor would stand Barnum even though the showman did put him in for a couple of hundred thousands, but Max he would not go. The impressario was a rebel of the deepest dye, and only fit to rot in chains beneath our castle's moat. At this stage of the proceedings, Stuart suggested that the proposal be put in writing—"So you see my boy, that there may be no mistake about it." To this the monster grim of the press objected, whereat the voice of Max was heard:

Says Max, says he,
To Mister V ———,
My love to Mr. Bennett;
And say for me
The thing to see,
I really, really ken-not.

Return to James,
And say his games
Help other men to get sick;
But none for me,
Respectfully,
Director MAX MARETZEK.

And so the thing stands at present. Max vows he won't come in out of the cold—anyhow, no matter what the rest do.